



Love & Friendship



Love & Friendship

was
1764
1764

L O V E

A N D

FRIENDSHIP.

A

SERENATA.

Set to Musick by Mr. W. DEFESCH.



L O N D O N :

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&
Perfect.
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**CAMILLO,
PHILANDER,
ÆGEON,
CLORINDA.**

7

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Champaign Country.

CAMILLO *and his Companions from hunting,
a dead Boar lying by.*

R E C I T.

Cam. **D**RAW off the Hounds, for nobly
have they toil'd;
While you attend to carve the
bristled Monster up,
The Tyrant of the Wood, and largest
That e'er fell beneath my youthful Spear.
Thus may our Joys each Morn renew,
While we the healthful Chace pursue.

A I R.

*O'er the Hills while we bound
To the Horn, and the Hound,
The neighbouring Rocks do reply.
Now we rush thro' the Wood,
Now we plunge in the Flood,
Now down the steep Valleys we fly.*

C H O R U S.

*With Danger thus charm'd,
With Glory thus warm'd,*

LOVE and

*No Fear e'er possess'd
A generous Breast.*

R E C I T.

Cam. But soft, our eager Sports and jocund Hearts,
Big with its Praise, makes us forget
My dear *Philander's* Absence:
His not yet joining us amazes me.
I fear some Mischief to him. Just before
We struck the Beast some sudden Game
Provok'd his Speed. Shou'd Danger call,
He'd court it; for full I know
His Disposition.

A I R.

*The Infant's not more mild when Reason's Rein
Does the quick Sallies of his Blood restrain:
But than raging devouring Fire
More fierce, when provok'd to Ire.*

R E C I T.

Do you seek that Way; this Way will I
To meet him, if in Safety;
If in Distress, to lend him Aid.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Manet CAMILLO.

R E C I T.

Cam. Good Heaven, protect my darling Youth!

A I R.

FRIENDSHIP.

A I R.

*Wanton Cupid's Dart and Bow
I ne'er did, nor e'er will know:
Social Love my Soul does bind,
Never found in Woman's Mind.* [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter ÆGEON solus.

*Æg. Tho' I'm well pleas'd at our successful Aid
Extended to the wounded Stranger;
Yet am I not so with his strange Requitall.
By profer'd Passion to my Darling Cloris
I like not his high Bearings;
And altho' his strict Discretion
Far her Years surpasses, yet wish I not
His promis'd Revisit to my Cottage.
How Heaven its sweetest Gifts allays,
Imbittering its Cup of Bounty
With Fears of losing 'em!*

A I R.

*How hard the Task a Parent proves,
Compell'd to grieve the Child he loves!
If she's restrain'd, she makes her moan;
If she's set free, how soon undone.*

*The Hour of our Devotion sure approaches:
I must go in to call my Clori.
This Morning's Lecture somewhat discompos'd
Her tender Nature.* [Exit.

SCENE

LOVE and

SCENE IV.

Enter CAMILLO.

Cam. All Search is vain! My Fears distract me!
Shou'd my dear Friend be lost; my Soul is
bound
With his, and knows no other Joy.— But, ha!
What Angel Form is here!
Why do I shudder thus with Fear!
Why does my Blood my Cheek forsake,
To bid my Heart forbear to ake!
What Pains unfelt before are these!

A I R.

*Blushing Roses spring where you walk,
Birds in Envy chant when you talk,
Nature gay when e'er you appear,
Does its brightest Livery wear.*

R E C I T.

Clo. Oh, my dear Father, how you have strangely
err'd,
In telling me that Men were all alike!
How diff'rent is this Youth from him
Who but just now with Heat surpriz'd me,
Altho' he talk'd of Love.

A I R.

*His modest Look, his charming Air,
Shew forth a Grace beyond compare:
With one he supplicating stands,
While the other every Heart commands.*

R E C I T.

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FRIENDSHIP.

RECIT.

But why do I lamenting wait,
Since that will not remove
The Scorn of her obdurate Hate,
Nor yet my helpless Love ?
Undaunted I'll approach the flying Fair ;
The first Refusal might be made perhaps
To try my Perseverance—— Lucky Thought !

A I R.

*With an Air and a Grace,
With a gay lively Face
Once more I'll attempt to woo her,
Bid Adieu to my Pining,
And throw off my Whining,
And boldly again pursue her.*

RECIT.

Alas, vain Thought, I know myself too
much
A Slave to Passion to conceal
A Grievance of such Dignity : And she
Too clearly has display'd her Mind.
Nothing is left me but the Aid
Of my beloved Camillo.
He has the utmost Rhetorick of Love,
Tho' to its Pow'r sworn Enemy.
Ha ! with a Wish he comes.

B

SCENE

LOVE and

SCENE II.

Enter CAMILLO.

Cam. O my dear Friend, my Bosom swells with
Joy

To find you well: I fear'd some Hurt re-
ceiv'd

Had kept you from my Sight so long.

Phi. A trivial one a little while detain'd me;

But an important one just set me on
The Wing to meet you.

Cam. I understand you not.

Phi. Nor shall you,

'Till you plight your Faith to aid me.

Cam. Is that needful?

Phi. As usual: But to kindly humour me.

Cam. Bear witness thou celestial Fire,

I swear to do my Friend's Desire,

Altho' it were by Fate decreed

That for his sake myself must bleed.

Phi. Reiterated Proof of thy strong Friendship
Known so well before! Now I'll inform
thee.

Thy poor *Philander* dies for a disdainful
Fair,

Fatally seen this Morning.

Thy flowing Tongue and easy Air can
move

In my Behalf, and warm her into Love.

Cam. Who is the Nymph?

Phi. *Ægeon's* lovely Daughter, who——

Cam.

FRIENDSHIP.

Cam. Ha!

Phi. From whence that Sigh, my Friend?

Cam. My Fears of ill Success.

A I R.

*Alas! I ne'er knew
The Art how to woo,
To put on a Passion well feign'd.
If she slighted you,
What shall I then do?
She ne'er will by Proxy be gain'd.*

R E C I T.

But I'll set on it instantly.
You will inform me of herself
And Place of Dwelling, strait I follow you.
[Exit *Phi.*

I dare not to his fiery Temper tell
My Story. To be faithful, I must once
Deceive him.

———— Ah me, unhappy! But I go,
Tho' to my Death, to keep my Vow.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

CLORINDA.

Bless'd Solitude, how aptly do these gloomy
Scenes
Suit with my Love-sick Mind!

B 2

Here,

LOVE and

Here, retir'd, my Father's rigid Precepts
I avoid; too rigid sure, at once oppos'd
To Nature and to Love. Unhappy me,
Since the Swain whom I adore
Thinks of Love and me no more.

A I R.

*Wanton Breezes gayly blowing,
Bubbling Fountains sweetly flowing,
Hush! you give me no Relief.
Bleating Flocks, forbear your Wooing,
Billing Turtles, cease your Cooing,
Nor augment my am'rous Grief.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter CAMILLO.

R E C I T.

Cam. Those lovely Accents can proceed from
none

But sweet *Clorinda's* Voice alone.

Ha! how shall I accost her?

Forgive, my fair one, this Intrusion made
In the Behalf of a most faithful Swain
Who dies for you.

Clo. ——— Yes, I am told

The Dialect of Love is Faith and Death,
And such like odd Expressions.

Cam. ——— but the Youth

For whom I plead is——

Clo.

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FRIENDSHIP.

Clo. ——— To plead is needless
Where traitor Eyes create you Judge
In your own Cause.

Cam. ——— Alas, the poor
Philander, him whose Wounds this Morn
Your Father's and your tender Hands asswag'd
Has me deputed to transact his Love.

Clo. What mean you, Sir, by this Abuse?

D U E T T O.

She. *With false Art, and with Disguise,*
You try my Inclination.

He. *Without Art, without Disguise*
I try your Inclination.

She. *You see my consenting Eyes,*
Yet talk of another's Passion.

He. *I see your consenting Eyes,*
Yet dare not own my Passion.

R E C I T.

Cam. He has obtain'd my Vow, that I'd for
him

Prefer his Suit to you :

Can you forgive this too severe Performance
Of my unlook'd for Promise?

Clo. Here, with my Hand accept my Pardon,
But on this Condition,
You never name him to me more.

A I R.

LOVE and

A I R.

Cam. *In tender Accents I'll relate
To the poor Youth his hapless Fate ;
Then if his Passion will not cease,
My Death shall give him Hope of Peace.*

R E C I T.

I know I am impatiently expected.
Adieu—my Life.

Clo. —Farewel —my Love. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

P H I L A N D E R.

R E C I T.

Phi. Death to my Soul, what did I hear !
Damn'd Instance of base Perfidy !

A I R.

*O, Jealousy, thou Bane of am'rous Joy,
That dost with cank'rous Pangs our Hopes de-
With full Rage, with Despair (stroy,
That my Bosom thus tear,
Cease my poor, my fond Heart to annoy.*

S C E N E

FRIENDSHIP.

SCENE VI.

*Enter CAMILLO.**Cam.* My dear *Philander*——

No Answer to thy Friend!

Phi. Adieu, my Life: Farewel, my Love.*[Scoffingly.]*

A I R.

*Blush, Traitor, and tremble, thy self to discover**So perjur'd a Friend, and so treach'rous a Lover:**For know, thy Blood alone
By my just Vengeance spilt,
Can for my Wrongs atone,
And wash away thy Guilt.**Cam.* Stands then my Faith suspected!*Phi.* No, not suspected, but condemn'd.*Upon the Spot where you betray'd me, meet
Arm'd with your Weapon, at the Break of
Day,**That I to my Resentment may give Scope.*

DUETTO.

LOVE and

DUETTO.

Phi. *This Arm shall chastise*

Cam. *My firm Soul does despise*

Phi. *This thy vile, thy coufening Art,*

Cam. *This thy wild, thy so menacing Part,*

Phi. *Base Abuser*

Cam. *False Accuser*

Both. *Of my injur'd generous Heart.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

FRIENDSHIP.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CLORINDA *sola.*

Clo. **T**Hus thro' the Grove, a silent Shade, I
 stray,
 Lamenting my hard Fate, my Fear, my sole
 Companion. Why did I not put off,
 Together with my Female Dress,
 My Female Weakness?

A I R.

Love with Manly Courage warm me, .
Nor let chilling Fears alarm me :
The faithful Swain bring to my Sight,
Or to him guide my tim'rous Flight.

R E C I T.

Yet of what now can I be afraid,
 Where, w' are at worst our Thoughts are fill'd
 With Hope,
 Leaving no Room for Fear? But soft, I hear
 Some Footsteps this Way moving;
 I must disappear.

S C E N E II.

Enter CAMILLO.

Cam. How dreadful this Compliance
 To his mistaken Honour, to his rash
 Repentment!

-C

Clo.

22

LOVE and

Clo. Ha! 'tis my Love. Well met, Sir,
Whence this early Walk?

Cam. Some secret Business
Which requires Retirement. Pray, Youth,
Leave me.

A I R.

Clo. Does am'rous Care your Soul molest?
Tell me your Tale, I'll bring you Rest.
My flatt'ring Tongue, and youthful Air,
Will gain Admittance to the Fair.

Cam. No Thoughts of Love at present vex me,
Pretty Impertinent, your Questions cease:
Another Time your Company will please;
It now offends me.

A I R.

Clo. Is it Honour has call'd you forth?
As your Second approve my Worth.
Should you try me, you'd quickly see
I cou'd conquer the bravest He.

Cam. Strange must the Combat be, that wants
thy Aid:

I pray thee leave me; gladly I'd meet thee
Some future Opportunity.
Where is thy Dwelling?

Clo. Hard by with my fond Father, who has lost
My Sister, lately dead for Love. I'll tell you
The sad Story.

FRIENDSHIP.

Cam. I'll hear no Story— By your Departure
Quick avoid my rising Anger.

Clo. ——— Not unwillingly ;
For ill the Sadness of my gloomy Mind
This Mimickry befits ; no less a Counterfeit
Than is the Vestment which I wear ;
But yet I'll watch you nearly. [*Exit.*

Cam. I wonder much my hot-brain'd Challenger
Appears not : I came too early ;
So, alas, must he do, tho' e'er so late,
To this dire Interview.

A I R.

*Kind Heav'n, Perswasion lend
My Tongue, to save my Friend ;
To sooth him with its Charm,
Not hurt him with this Arm.*

SCENE III.

Enter PHILANDER.

Pbi. But here he comes— E'er we imbrue
our Hands

In our once friendly Hearts,

A Moment's Parly may we have ?

Pbi. No—

The Virgin thou hast stol'n from me, which
makes

You fond of Life, makes me detest it.

A I A

C 2

Cam.

LOVE and

Cam. A little Patience yet my Friend. I stole
Her not. You wrong my Honour.
Hear me.

Phi. He that is vile enough to wrong his
Friend,
Will be possess'd of Cowardice sufficient
To meanly lye, with Safety to conceal
His Treachery, when call'd upon
To justify the Injury.

Cam. Talk'st thou to me of Cowardice?

Phi. Ay, base, evasive Coward.

Cam. Nay, then defend yourself.

Both. This to thy Heart.

SCENE IV.

Enter CLORINDA.

Clo. First pass your Swords thro' mine.

Help, help, for Heav'n's sake.

My Father——

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter ÆGEON.

Æg. Forbear, rash Men, thus impiously to tempt

Diana's Ire, too near whose Temple now

Ye stand. Full well ye know who defecates

With Blood this hallow'd Ground, must with

His Blood atone. Put up your Swords, and

Let me be the Umpire 'twixt your Wrath.

A I R.

FRIENDSHIP.

A I R.

*When a Tempest of Anger the Mind does in-
vade,
Let Reason's soft Dictates be calm, and per-
suade :
By Fury thrust on we are Brutes, and not Men ;
But when Passion subsides we are humane again.*

R E C I T.

Inform me of your Cause of Contest.

Cam. The Love of your fair Daughter.

Æg. Alas! vain Struggle, when the Prize is lost
Before the Vict'ry is gain'd.

Cam. } Ha! said you lost, not dead?
Phi. }

Æg. Alas! I know not, but she's dead to me;
She's fled from my too rig'rous Opposition
To a Flame which from my tender Fears
I construed hurtful: But, wou'd good Heaven
Restore her to my Eyes, she shou'd be Mistress
Of her Choice between you both, and both be
Satisfy'd.

Clo. ——— O grateful Promise! [*Afide.*

Phi. That cou'd not sooth my Wrongs. Too
well I fear

Her Choice determin'd; but the base Means
By which it was obtain'd is Cause of my
Resentment.

Clo. That I must clear.

[*Afide:*
Forgive

LOVE and

Forgive, dear Sir, this frantick Dress, [*Kneels.*
And my more frantick Flight.

Æg. My Child! welcome, my Life!
Transport expels all Anger.

Clo. Good Sirs, your Swords put up, and leave
to me

The ending of your mistaken Quarrel.
Respect to me, by your Compliance will be
Shown.

Phi. I must obey.

A I R.

*The Lion fir'd with Rage
Soft Love can soon assuage,
Can make him his Fierceness lay by;
With sporting and toying,
Caressing, enjoying,
Each am'rbus Blandishment try.*

Clo. To be asswag'd is but too just,
When there has been no Cause of Anger.
Your faithful Friend with utmost Zeal
Pleaded your Suit, till I
Enjoin'd him on that Subject Silence.

Phi. Less could I not from you expect
To hide a Lover's Crime.

Clo. His Crime was, e'er he took his final Leave,
Committed in these Words, which ever since
Have dwelt upon my Mind.

A I R.

FRIENDSHIP.

2

A I R.

*In tender Accents I'll relate
To the poor Youth his hapless Fate;
Then if his Passion will not cease,
My Death shall give him Hope of Peace.*

Æg. What gen'rous Triumph of his Friendship
O'er his Love! Such Worth deserves
My Daughter. Here, receive her.

Cam. No, not to hurt my Vow, or Friend.

Phi. How his great Soul surmounts me!
My dear *Camilla*, can you pardon
My fo——

Cam. More easily by far than you, I know,
Forgive your self. I pray no more.

Phi. In Love tho' you the Palm have won,
In Honour I'll not be outdone;
My Passion never more Anxiety shall give you;
All Claim I here renounce.

A I R.

*Of Cupid for ever I'll throw off the Charm,
'Tis Friendship alone now my Bosom shall
warm;*

Clo. } *Of Cupid we never will throw off the Charm,*

Cam. } *Not Friendship alone now our Bosoms shall
warm.*

Æg. *In Friendship for ever united we'll live,
The greatest of Blessings kind Heaven can give.*

C H O R U S.

LOVE and

CHORUS.

*In Friendship and Love we united will live,
The two greatest Blessings kind Heav'n can
give.*

Clo. } *The Torments of Jealousy never more know,*
Phi. } *But Time in a Circle of Pleasure shall flow.*

Cho. *In Friendship, &c.*

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

PAGE 4. Line 10 for *full*, read *well*. p. 5 l. 10 for *his*,
read *her*. l. 15 read *With our Fears*. p. 9 l. 4 for *helpless*,
read *hapless*. p. 14 l. 12 for *full*, read *fell*. p. 16 l. 3 read *thy*